



So I did maintenance on Saturday, because I knew I was going out Sunday night.



Chaz

 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-12-11 15:46:00

MOOD: 😞 hungry

MUSIC: Everlast - This Kind of Lonely

One of the things I made this week was meatloaf.

My mom didn't teach me to make meatloaf. Mrs. Korolenko did. Though I don't think Mrs. Korolenko knew at the time that she was teaching me to make meatloaf. I think she thought she was letting me "help" her make meatloaf, and never suspected I would remember how she did it nearly twenty years later...

(I wonder if I should track down Mrs. Korolenko. I thought she was older than God when I knew her, but she can't really have been more than sixty-five, I don't think. She might still be alive.)

So picture if you will all 126 centimeters (4', 1.6", approximately) of young Charles (Mrs. Korolenko always called me Charles.) balancing on a little pine step stool that I think her dead husband had made out of an old door, crushing Club crackers with a rolling pin (Footstool non optional, because I couldn't reach the top of the counter otherwise.)--

You will need about two pounds of ground beef (85% lean), or a pound of beef and a pound of pork, your choice.
This is the meat part.

You will also need a strong white onion minced super-fine, a cup of cracker crumbs (Use a buttery bad-for-you cracker, like Club or Ritz. It's meatloaf, for crying out loud.), a handful of wheat germ (or two handfuls, if your hands are small), three or four cloves of garlic chopped fine (Do not use a garlic press. They will not avail you.), two eggs, and some milk. Also, garlic powder, paprika, oregano, basil, black pepper, and salt. Onion powder or celery salt can be

used, also.

The best way to mince the onion is to cut off the stem end, leave the root end intact, peel off the husk, and cut the onion in a very tight crosshatch pattern from the top, leaving the sliced bits attached rather than cutting them free. You can probably cut about a third of the way down the onion if you are careful.

Then shave off the crosshatched bits down to where you get the uncut onion, and repeat the crosshatching and shaving until you're out of onion. If this isn't fine enough, mince it a little smaller with your chef's knife, but don't turn it into onion puree.

Take all of this stuff except the seasoning and milk and put it in a bowl. Add seasoning to your own taste: I use about two teaspoons of paprika, a teaspoon of garlic powder, a teaspoon and a half of oregano and basil. Black pepper is a bunch of good grinds, and salt is a teaspoon or so. You could use cayenne too, but that isn't Mrs. Korolenko's recipe.

Gush this mess together with your bare clean hands, being careful not to handle it too much and make it tough. Add milk slowly, to get the right texture. (The right texture is squishy and shapeable, but not too soft. Like perfect mud-pie mud.)

Then shape it into a loaf with your hands, put the loaf on a broiling rack over a drip pan, and put the whole thing in a preheated 350 degree oven until your insertable meat thermometer reads 155 degrees Fahrenheit. Then you take it out, cover it, and let it rest. The temperature should continue to rise to around 160.

Or, you know, leave it in until it's brown and crispy and glossy on the outside, firm to the touch, and you can't endure the smell.

I actually usually eat this cold on sandwiches the next day, with sliced tomato and lettuce and lots of ketchup. (Ketchup is traditional in Slavic cooking, Mrs. Korolenko said.) Or chunky home-made tomato sauce.

But it's pretty good hot, as well.

Failure modes:

Overhandling the meatloaf. Try not to touch it more than you have to.

Undercooking.
Overcooking.
Too much salt
No salt at all

TAGS: [recipes](#)



[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning


[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)

45 comments



 [hawkwing-1b](#)

[December 11 2007, 21:07:48 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

That sounds really tasty.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 22:32:08 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Mrs. Korolenko hasn't failed me yet!



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[December 11 2007, 21:35:28 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

My last meatloaf attempt turned out bland, even by my standards. I may have to take some of these seasoning suggestions.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 22:33:58 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

None of those things will make it really spicy. Ideally, you want to support the flavor of the meat, rather than drown it.



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:27:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

nods Well, that's good. I'm not a "really spicy" kind of girl.

...Huh. Double entendre, much?

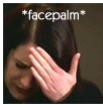


 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:29:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

0.0

This is rapidly turning into one of those conversations that could get me arrested....



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:33:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sorry, sorry. I'll try not to get the police involved.

Anyway, unintentional innuendo aside, it's good to have food that don't leave me wanting to rip out my tongue, but flavor is also nice. So thanks for the recipe.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:37:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

We don't want tongue ripping.

Milk cuts spice, by the way. And carbohydrates. Beer is actually best, but again with the getting me arrested...



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:41:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, I know. I have lots of experience with cutting spice, because there are some foods -- like good Indian and Mexican food -- that I think I would love if it weren't for the spice. I think I'm just overly sensitive to it. Or a wimp.

And you have nothing to worry about on the beer front. Cutting spice with beer would be kind of pointless, to me: it might get rid of the pain, but I'd still be left with a disgusting taste.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:52:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nah, if you're a supertaster, you actually have more fungiform papillae than the rest of us. Which makes you as much more sensitive to flavors as you know, a dog would be to smells.

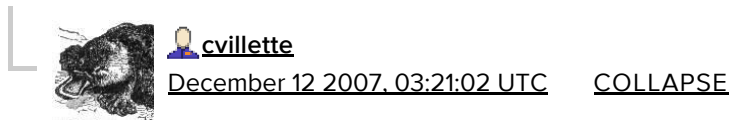
Sorry about the unflattering metaphor...



 [beatriceeagle](#)

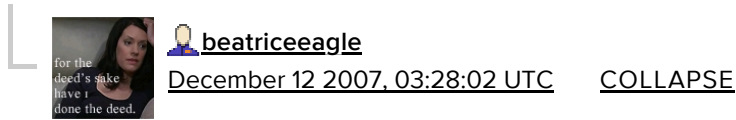
[December 12 2007, 02:58:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Meh. I'm a dog person. Who says it's unflattering?

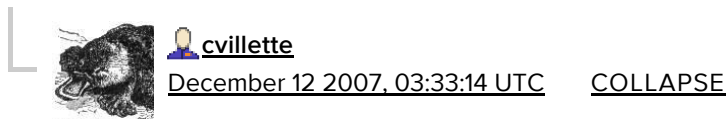


Well, most people wouldn't like being called a dog.

But I'm a coyote. What do I know?

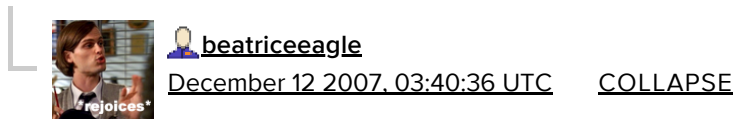


Well, I'm certainly more like a dog than I am like an eagle, and that's right there in my user name. Anyway, why on earth would I decide to be offended at something that was clearly, y'know, not an insult?



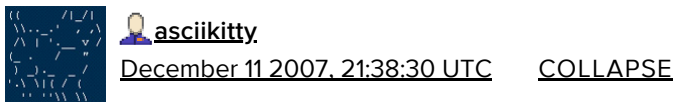
...you are entirely sensible people.

I like dogs, I should add.



I do my best. XD

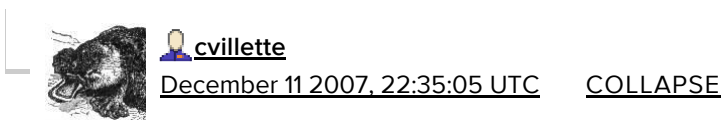
(And good for you. Dogs are amazing.)



mt standard meatloaf had tomato sauce in. which is fine, if you're using canned sauce, but the last batch I made had a whole lot too much uncooked tomato puree in it. It was more a meat crumble than a meat/oaf.

and my boyfriend's father's recipe has cheese and bacon on top. I can never eat a whole piece.

this sounds very very good. I just might have to try it.



Tomato sauce versions are good too, but not as awesome for sandwiches, I think.

Meat crumble sounds tasty, though.

(mmm. bacon.) But yeah, maybe a bit much with all the other stuff.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 22:25:09 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

Image of you as four-feet-tall incubating foodie?

A-freakin-dorable.

Tell people that story if you want them to bring you cookies.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 22:27:41 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Never mind the cute. Good god! This is the *meatloaf* recipe, woman! That makes the sandwiches that smell like that!

blisses



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 22:32:50 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Did you two get identity-swapped while I was cooking? Or have I got you both profiled all wrong?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 23:34:41 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

What, like I have no interest in food?

Also, notice O's way of expressing approval involves cookies. Excellent profile. Dad would suggest you widen the net, is all. *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 01:47:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Think it might be a team?



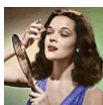
 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 01:56:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It would explain the inconsistencies, wouldn't it? Hmmm...

resorts to pipe and violin




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 12 2007, 01:58:15 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

All these sandwich wrappers. Three UnSubs or one jammer.

I made cheese&onion tart for dinner. MMMM, faaaaaats.


 [cvillette](#)
[December 12 2007, 02:17:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I gotta learn how to make boxtys.


 [trollcatz](#)
[December 12 2007, 02:38:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sigh. Oh, the yum. Is there a burrito equivalent in every cuisine on earth?


(Note, re: The Field--nothing wrong with the Irish stew, either. I snitched some of the Cowboy's.)

 [cvillette](#)
[December 12 2007, 02:45:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Yes, and some of my shepherd's pie. And champ.

 [trollcatz](#)
[December 12 2007, 02:47:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Teeny smidgen bite. You had lots! And what if we never get back to San Diego, man?

 [cvillette](#)
[December 12 2007, 02:53:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


My bangers are your bangers, man.

 [trollcatz](#)
[December 12 2007, 04:28:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


No way I'm gonna fall for that and post an answer. *g*

 [cvillette](#)
[December 11 2007, 22:33:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I always want people to bring me cookies.

 [Ometotchtli](#)
[December 11 2007, 23:29:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Tomorrow. Peanut butter. Without fail.

 [cvillette](#)
[December 12 2007, 01:47:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

best. wabbit. evah.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 12 2007, 01:53:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

With fork prints on the top.

OMG the smell is KILLING me. I think I need a second batch.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:17:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

swap you some meatloaf?

you might have to share with the Harpy.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:30:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

whimperhopefulbigeyes

likes cookies too



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:34:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

OhHey! I'll give ya your first lesson in emergency medicine on Saturday if you'll give me my first cooking lesson on Friday night...



 [cvillette](#)


[December 12 2007, 02:35:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Deal.

After wall?

(You were good tonight. SRSLY. You will conquer that blue 5.8 yet. You're at the crux. You just need a little more oomph.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:45:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes? Maybe? Gawd, I was hanging off that bomber and thinking, "No amount of Hail Mary is going to get that edge down or my foot up..." And I was right. Religion obviously will not address the problem. *g*

Though the "Thank you god!" I sent up when nobody was videoing that glorious flail seemed to work...




 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 02:48:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You just have to learn to smear. And walk up the wall to the next hold.

The hard part is learning to shift your grip while you feel like your weight should still be on it.




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 04:29:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because of that part where the gravity's still turned on?

Though, you know, without the gravity it wouldn't be as much fun.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 04:57:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, I dunno.

Imagine zipping around the gym like a fish...



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 12 2007, 22:59:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Flying would also be good, it's true. But that wouldn't be *climbing*.

(My Puritanical streak showing?)



 [cvillette](#)

[December 12 2007, 23:17:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just a little.

*I have
a big knife
and
I'm not afraid
to use it.*

 [trinker](#)

[May 25 2008, 03:47:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just a note to say *love* the recipes with the failure mode notes at the bottom. So useful!

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)